

WEEKLY



VISITOR,

OR,

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

No. 6.]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1804.

[WHOLE No. 110.]

THE DRUID.

A TALE.

[From the Tales of Imagination.]

(Concluded from page 34.)

"I HAD often (continued Modred) observed her at our holy sacrifices, where she constantly appeared covered with a veil, which totally concealed her person from the eyes of men; curiosity prompted me to enquire into her story, which I learned first from the woman at whose house she sojourned, and afterwards from Ethelda herself; for it is necessary, Sir, (said Modred,) to inform you, that, although animated by the glorious cause of liberty, I for once ventured to raise the hostile sword of war in defence of my country, my office is to speak comfort to the afflicted, to utter divine mysteries, and to recommend universal peace and concord to mankind, being, to be plain, of the sacred order of Druids.

"My office gave me free access to Ethelda, who readily made me the confidant of her misfortunes, and with her last breath recommended her infant daughter to my protection. On her death, I took the little lisping home to my abode; and, when the fury of war forced me to seek shelter in these moun-

tains; she was the companion of my flight, and for eighteen years has been the solace of my declining age; but, alas! my Elsimena is either numbered among the dead, or must waste her blooming years in irksome captivity."

The Roman commander asked, with an emotion that caused Modred to suspect he was prompted by other motives than mere curiosity in his enquiries, what were his reasons for supposing that the daughter of Ethelda was either numbered among the dead or a captive. The sage then informed him of all he knew concerning Elsimena; how, on being told her lover had fallen in the battle, she rushed, sword in hand, into the midst of the enemy; how, by the intrepidity of her conduct, the flying troops were inspired with courage once more to face the enemy, and to revenge the death of their brave companions; and, lastly, that it had been rumored she was a prisoner in the tent of Claudius, the general's son. Then, reverting to the former part of his discourse, "that javelin, my Lord, (said he) with which it was my fortune to wound you, the wretched mother of Elsimena, previous to the fatal engagement which bereft her of all she held dear, concealed in her garments, for the purpose of putting an end to her existence, should she live to see either her parent or her husband slain: but that Almighty Power, who permitted her affliction, endured her with fortitude to bear it. The wea-

pon once belonged to her husband, and in her exile she preserved it as a precious relic, sacred to his remembrance. On her death it fell into my hands; since which, for the same reason, I have kept it, as belonging to one in whose misfortunes I was deeply interested.

"Yesterday, (continued Modred) instigated by an impulse for which I cannot account, I armed myself with it; and, when inspired by the example of my brave countrymen, I ascended the warlike chariot, resolving to yield up my life in defence of our liberties, having expended my darts, as a last effort, I threw the javelin."

"Wonderful and mysterious (said the Roman) are the ways of Providence! In me, venerable Modred behold the father of Elsimena, and once the husband of the unfortunate Ethelda!"

"Mysterious heaven! (said the Druid,) can it be really so?"

"I fell, indeed, (said the General,) among the slain, but was not mortally wounded. The brave fellows who fought by my side bore me from the field of battle, and a short time restored me to my former vigor; but my blooming bride was for ever lost. I caused strict search to be made after her, but all was in vain; since, till this day, I could never obtain the least tidings of her. The javelin, with which I was yesterday

wounded, I remembered once to have been mine, it having for several ages been handed down in our family, from father to son, as a relic of antiquity. I recollected the period when I lost it, and thought it might have been thrown by a Briton who had fought in that engagement which for ever separated me from Ethelda: I thought it might lead to a discovery of her, or at least inform me concerning the manner of her death.— This, venerable Modred, was the cause of my enquiry, and heaven, doubtless, inspired me with the thought, that it might restore to me the pledge of my Ethelda's love."

While this discourse passed between the Roman commander and the venerable Druid, a scene nearly as interesting was acting in the tent of Claudius. The grateful youth, having discovered to his father that the generous Britons, to whom he was indebted for his life and liberty, were among the prisoners, received his permission to offer them rewards suitable to the signal service they had done him.

"Generous Guiderius, (said Claudius,) it is time to convince you that ingratitude does not form a part of the Roman character. Abide with us, gallant youth; enrol yourself among the friends of Rome, and, in return, they will bestow on you the highest honors. You are silent, Guiderius; but your countenance tells me, you treat our proffered friendship with disdain. Well, then, since it is so, Claudius alone must pay the debt he owes: from this moment, gallant youth, you are free, and blush not to receive life and freedom from one, who, to your generosity is indebted for the power of bestowing either. Guiderius, you are silent. I would do much to purchase your esteem, your friendship;—six British prisoners, whom you shall name, will I also add. Still are you silent?"

"Claudius, (said the youth,) a Briton's heart must speak in his countenance; for the lives and liberties of his friends, Guiderius offers you the return of a grateful heart; but, for his own, Claudius, can he offer thanks for life and freedom, when robbed of all that can render either desirable?"

"Guiderius, (said the young Roman,) I understand you. This fair maid is the object to which we both aspire;

we both love Elsimena, and the happiness of one (so say our passions) must be founded on the despair of the other. Must it then be so, Guiderius? No! You shall see that a Roman can soar above the low pursuits of self-gratification; that his pride and confidence rests not alone in the strength of his arms, nor in the conquest of cities, but in the subjection of his passions. You (said he) possess the heart of Elsimena, fortune has given me a right over her person, but it is a right which I scorn to avail myself of. Take her, gallant youth; receive the fair Elsimena, even from the hand of thy rival, and henceforth remember that the Romans fight, not to tyrannize over and enslave, but to civilize, mankind." Saying this, he took the hand of Elsimena, and united it with that of her beloved Guiderius.

The joy of both was, for some minutes, absorbed in admiration. That Claudius, in the ardor of youth, when the affections are unused to yield to the curb of reason, in the height of prosperity, which is so seldom tempered by moderation, should thus nobly square his conduct to the most rigid rules of virtue; thus nobly yield up the object of his love into the arms of another, struck him with an awe, which for some moments deprived them of utterance. They threw themselves at the feet of Claudius, who, having once made the painful sacrifice, experienced from it a satisfaction infinitely surpassing that which any sensual gratification could have bestowed.

Affairs were in this posture when a message arrived from the General, requesting the attendance of his son and the two prisoners who were entertained in his tent; for, upon enquiry, he had learned that they were really Elsimena and Guiderius.

Claudius, who supposed his father's summons to proceed merely from a curiosity to see and honor those to whom he was indebted for the life and liberty of his son, immediately proceeded with them to his tent. When they entered, they were inexpressibly delighted to find the venerable Druid; who, in his turn, received no less joy at beholding the young pair. He presented Elsimena to the Roman commander, who embraced her with a warmth truly parental, and, with delight, scarcely to be equalled, viewed the beauties of her form, pro-

missing a mind equally noble and perfect.

Claudius and the young Britons, as the reader will conclude, were at a loss to comprehend the cause of this seemingly mysterious behavior, till they were informed of it by Modred, who, at the request of the General, related to them the particulars of Ethelda's story. Elsimena then threw herself at the feet of her Sire, to testify her entire obedience to his will. The passion which Claudius lately entertained for her person was now changed into brotherly love; he embraced her with the tenderest and purest affection, and rejoiced sincerely in having gained so charming a sister. Joy was diffused over every countenance, excepting that of Guiderius, who greatly feared Elsimena was once more on the point of being snatched from his arms; but his fears vanished, when, at the request of his son, the Roman commander joined his hand with that of his mistress.

Such was the joy which pervaded the breast of the noble Roman, on receiving to his arms so lovely an image of his lost Ethelda, and such was his gratitude to the venerable Druid, who had for so many years cherished and protected her, and to whom he was besides indebted for the life of his son, that he promised to grant him whatever he should ask in favor of his countrymen. Modred availed himself of this generous offer, by requesting the lives and liberties of all who had the day before been made prisoners, which was accordingly granted.

Through the influence of the Druid, Elsimena, and Claudius, an honorable and advantageous peace was soon concluded between the Romans and the warlike Britons who inhabited that part of the country.

The eyes of the venerable Druid were, in a good old age, closed by his beloved Elsimena; who, with Guiderius, lived a series of years in uninterrupted peace and happiness.



ON DUELLING.

From Say's Sunday Reporter, April 10.

[Having recorded the death of Col. Montgomery in a duel, on a dispute which arose merely from a trivial quarrel between two dogs, it may not be unuseful to insert the following letter, which was written by the then Bishop of C—, to the Earl of Bellamont after his duel with Lord Townshend, in 1773.]

MY LORD,

THOUGH I presume to address myself to your lordship on a subject in which you are unfortunately but too much interested, it is not my intention by any means to wound the sensibility of your temper, or to question the benevolence of your heart. I am sure you are a brave man, and I hear you are as good a man as any to be found among the youth of condition in this kingdom; yet pardon me, my lord, if I say that our youth of condition do not want advice upon any point so much as upon the point of honor, with which they fancy themselves so intimately acquainted; and let me inform you, a father of the church now begs your most serious attention, through your lordship, he may communicate a few observations to the world, no less necessary to maintain the laws of this country, than to enforce the commandments of his God.

Be not, however, terrified my lord, though an old man, and that man of some ecclesiastical consequence too, breaks thus abruptly on your retirement: He will talk to you as fashionably as if he did not think religiously, and make (the better to answer his purpose) a serious question in morals, an object of polite investigation.—To drop the third person, my lord I know experimentally what the passions are at your time of life; young men prefer any criminality with which meanness is not connected, to the slightest idea of dishonor; they do not fear to commit a flagitious action so much as to be concerned in a foolish one; and there are particular crimes, such as duelling, for instance, in which custom has made it glory, not only to sacrifice every dictate of our reason, but every impulse of our humanity.

I have said, my lord, that I know experimentally with what a vehemence the passions, especially where the point of

honor is concerned, rage in the bosom of a young man. In the early part of my life, I received an insult which I thought myself indispensably bound to resent; and of course either a submission or a meeting in the field, became the only alternative I could propose to the party by whom I supposed myself injured. He chose the latter; and your lordship can easily conceive my affliction. My own personal safety was no more than an atom in the scale of consideration; but I was agonized at the supposition of the ruin which I was probably going to pull down upon my own family, as well as upon the family of my antagonist.—I was an only son, the sole heir of an ancient house, and in a fortnight to marry a woman on whom I doated to distraction. The man whom I challenged, besides, was circumstanced almost similarly, and had lived with me in an uninterrupted course of friendship for many years. These reflections occurred to me incessantly; yet my pride (your lordship will excuse me) steeled me against the salutary counsel they suggested. Reason, no less than religion, pointed out the various horrors of my situation, in the most forcible light; my pride, however, taught me to oppose the influence of both: and I determined to act like a man of *spirit*, let the consequence be ever so fatal either to my temporal peace, or my eternal felicity.

Not to trespass on your Lordship's patience, I repaired with a heavy heart to the place of appointment, and waited scarce a second for the appearance of my enemy. His look sufficiently bespoke the anguish of his mind; but he was equally bigotted with myself to the heresy of that Moloch, modern honor, and equally resolved to worship him with blood. We could both of us I am confident, have embraced with the utmost cordiality; yet, to behave *spiritedly*, it was indispensably necessary to attack each other's lives; our courage might have been suspected if we hesitated, even a moment, at a fashionable murder, and we therefore fired to purchase the good opinion of the world, though at the absolute expense of our own.

My ball, thanks to the mercy of God, did no mischief; my antagonist's was more effectual; I received so violent a wound in the breast as to be in a state of the greatest danger for three months; and, in less than twelve, saw the father whom I revered, and the woman

whom I adored, carried to the grave, in consequence of what they suffered during the afflicting interval of my cure. Oh, my lord, the scorn of a thousand worlds would have been Elysium to what I felt on that dreadful occasion! How often did I wish, that Nature had formed me with a disposition the most dastardly that ever fell to the lot of her meanest sons! If I flew to reason for comfort, she told me that I had despised her best advice; if I turned to religion, she bid me remember how I had trampled on her gravest admonitions. Pride only appeared with a gleam of seeming consolation; she told me that I had acted as became a man of honor, and had spiritedly demanded satisfaction for an unpardonable affront. It was true, I had demanded satisfaction; yet what satisfaction had I received? If I was grossly insulted at first, I was now irreparably injured, and clearly felt that, though I might have behaved very gallantly, the behavior was nevertheless madness, which could think lasting misery an effectual remedy for imaginary disgrace.

In the superstitious ages of the world, my lord, when men absurdly believed that Providence interposed immediately in favor of the injured, a decision of the dispute by personal combat was not altogether ridiculous; but in these more enlightened times, when the sun of science has happily dispelled the clouds of enthusiasm, a continuation of so Gothic a custom is a scandal upon the human understanding. No preternatural interposition is now expected to give a certain triumph to the person wronged; no, my lord, the aggressor and the aggrieved are upon equal terms; and, as in your own case, no less than in mine, the latter has often the most melancholy cause to be *dissatisfied*, where he is even *indulged* with the most honorable satisfaction. It is justly observed by a celebrated writer, that though men may live fools, they cannot die fools: your lordship and I have been both upon the verge of eternity, and therefore, with respect to the point of honor at least, we may be supposed to possess a little share of understanding. Give me leave, therefore, to ask you seriously, whether any thing can be so absurd as the fashionable practice of duelling? We receive an affront, and we endanger our lives; we expose the long list of our friends to distress; we hazard all the glowing expectations of our tenderest

secret ties, all our dearest prospects in this world, and all our greatest in the next, to—do what?—I blush, my lord, at my own question—to punish some act of incivility that should excite our contempt, or some disrespect which is wholly below our indignation—The man who is not ready to apologize for any offence he offers another, does not deserve to be considered a gentleman; yet, supposing the case otherwise, the offence indeed ought to be deadly, which induces us to take away a life. If it is of such magnitude as to require a bloody expiation, it should be left to the laws; and if it is not, we surely rebel against the majesty of our own hearts where we endeavor to wipe it away with blood.

[To be concluded in our next.]

TEMPER.

IT is particularly necessary for girls to acquire command of temper in arguing, because much of the effect of their powers of reasoning, and of their wit, when they grow up, will depend upon the gentleness and good-humor with which they conduct themselves.

A woman, who should attempt to thunder like Demosthenes, would not find her eloquence increase her domestic happiness. We by no means wish that women should yield their better judgment to their fathers or husbands; but, without using any of that debasing cunning which Rousseau recommends, they may support the cause of reason with all the graces of female gentleness.

A man, in a furious passion, is terrible to his enemies, but a woman in a passion, is disgusting to her friends; she has not masculine strength and courage, to enforce any other species of respect. These circumstances should be considered by writers who advise that no difference should be made in the education of the two sexes.

We cannot help thinking that their happiness is of more consequence than their speculative rights, and we wish to educate women so that they may be happy in the situations in which they are most likely to be placed. So much depends upon the temper of women, that it ought to be most carefully cultivated in early life; girls should be more

inured to restraint than boys, because they are likely to meet with more restraint in society.

Girls should learn the habit of bearing slight reproofs, without thinking them matters of great consequence—but then they should always be permitted to state their arguments, and they should perceive that justice is shown to them, and that they increase the esteem and affection of their friends by command of temper. Many passionate men are extremely good natured, and make amends for extravagancies by their candor, and by their eagerness to please those whom they have injured during their fits of anger.

It is said that the servants of Dean Swift used to throw themselves in his way whenever he was in a passion, because they knew that his generosity would recompense them for standing the full fire of his anger. A woman, who permitted herself to treat her servants with ill humor, and who believed that she could pay them for ill usage, would make a very bad mistress of a family; her husband and her children would suffer from her ill temper, without being recompensed for their misery. We should not let girls imagine that they can balance ill humor by some good quality or accomplishment; because in fact, there are none which can supply the want of temper in the female sex.

A just idea of the nature of dignity, opposed to what is commonly called *esprit*, should be given early to our female pupils. Many women, who are not disposed to violence of temper, affect a certain degree of petulance, and a certain stubbornness of opinion, merely because they suppose that to be gentle is to be mean; and that to listen to reason, is to be deficient in spirit.

(From the Mirror.)

—LUNAR DOCTOR.—

CAROLUS CHARLATANICUS, who has just come fresh from the moon, offers the exercise of his unparalleled faculties for the benefit of the public and promises to cure every disorder that can be thought of, no matter how bad the disease, nor how desperate the stage. He thinks proper to inform,

that his inestimable fund of knowledge was not acquired by the tedious, disgusting, and *uncertain* route of study; that he ever had a mortal antipathy to any thing like what's called literary and scientific pursuits, believing them to have a tendency to fill the mind with ideas and opinions; which are inimical to the successful practice of medicine.

He has found it much the least trouble and much the most advantageous to receive his knowledge *intuitively*, and to practice without thinking on the case, or studying its grade and nature. To pay attention to the disease, it is necessary to *reason*. Now reasoning implies a *progress* in knowledge, which Dr. Charlatanicus totally disclaims. Knowledge which comes by intuition is always perfect and always the same. This is the kind of science which all perfect doctors ought to possess, but, which no regular bred physicians, or those who go according to the dictates of reason ever did, or ever will possess.

Besides, Dr. Charlatanicus has always found the *public suffrages* to be given in favor of those who possess *intuitive* knowledge, in preference to those who act according to *reason*, and waste the prime of their days in the studious pursuit of *science*. For confirmation of this observation he refers to the public papers of the day, where it will be seen that those who can cure *every thing* without having undergone the drudgery of *study*, have their fame spread throughout the country—while the diffident votary of *science* glides along in silent obscurity.

Having thus shown the great superiority of intuitive knowledge over that kind which is obtained by reasoning and laborious study, Dr. Charlatanicus will proceed to mention some of his abilities as freely as his *modesty* will permit, in order that the public may be induced to apply to him:—First he undertakes to cure all the *cancers* that every body else has found unmanageable. This he does with his celebrated

Lunar Cataplasm,

Which he prepares by boiling 3 pounds of *terra incognita* in half a gallon of *moon-light*, keeping up a constant *stirration* with his *medicinal mundle*. He mentions the receipt here in order that the public need not be afraid of the ingredients. No other person can make this cataplasm.

but Dr. C. because he is the only man who is acquainted with *Terra incogniti*. To give an idea of its efficacy, he here gives one case which he has selected from among a thousand similar ones, only worse. It is in the form of a certificate, which he always writes, and gets signed when he accomplishes a cure.

"This is to certify that Doctor Carol atanicus, who has lately arrived from the moon, has entirely cured my wife of a mortal cancer in her neck which had eaten away the whole of her breast and shoulders, so that nothing but the bone was left to keep her head fast to her body, she was indeed, agreeable to the literal meaning of the words, a *walking skeleton*. The greatest Doctors had declared her incurable, and therefore I cheerfully give this testimony of his unequalled skill.

his
GWYNNAD & GWATKIN.
Mark.

Dr. Charlaticus also recommends to those whom it may concern, his

Sovereign Balsam of Brickbats,

which he will insure to cure that *scratchiferous* disease the *itch*, in less than five minutes, if it be well rubbed on with good *sand paper*. Those unfortunate husbands whose wives are subject to frequent paroxysms of vociferation, may be supplied with Dr. C's.

Infallible Anti-Scolding Drops.

which will universally prevent the accession of a paroxysm if given in time—and will be warranted to abridge a *curtain lecture* at least 2-4 of its usual length—even if given after the discourse has commenced.—Dr. Charlaticus also takes this opportunity to recommend the

Essential Oil of Wheelbarrow,

which he prepares by expression in a manner entirely new. This medicine has cured thousands, as his certificates would certify if he had room to insert them. It has made many ears grow to their natural size and shape after they had been cropped, and done many other marvelous things. An idea may be formed of the activity of the medicine when it is observed that it is so sharp, if swal-

lowed undiluted, as to cut the buttons off a man's shirt collar as it passes down his throat!

Dr. C. has many more medicines which will cure any disease—but he will suffer time and experience to promulgate their virtues—and he hopes all who have any regard for life and health will come to him for advice and assistance.—

N. B. For the sake of the *poor*, who are often troubled with bad colds, and are not able to employ a physician, Dr. C. here observes that the worst cough may be checked, and the toughest phlegm loosened by swallowing half a pound of *hob-nails* in a little molasses and water, and afterwards taking a pint of *Rake-tooth tea*, just going to bed.

A STORY OF A YOUNG LADY, FIRST BURIED, AND AFTERWARDS MARRIED.

TWO merchants in the street of St. Honore in Paris, united by friendship and interest, and of equal fortunes, had the one a son and the other a daughter who were brought up together, and flattered by their parents with hopes of being united forever. The happy time was now drawing near, when a man who had nothing to recommend him but a large fortune, falling in love with the young lady, applied to her relations, and obtained her against her consent, in spite of all her intreaties and tears.

This misfortune so sensibly touched her, that it visibly affected her constitution; and after a lingering illness, she was carried off and buried. The lover, instead of giving way to despair, conceived some hope; remembering that she had once been in a lethargy; he therefore went in the night to the church-yard, with the grave-digger, whom he had bribed, took her out of the grave, brought her to his house, and used the best of his endeavors with such success, that in a short time she recovered.

How great her surprise to see her lover! It was not difficult to make her sensible how much she was indebted to him! She was prevailed upon to forget her former husband, and think that he

who had restored her to life had the best right to it. In short, as it was not quite so safe to remain at Paris, for fear of her former husband, they thought it most prudent to go over to England, where they soon arrived, and purchased a little estate in the country, upon which they lived in an uninterrupted felicity the rest of their days.

AN ADDRESS TO THE LADIES.

IT frequently happens that women, as soon as they are married, seem to think that their task is entirely done, yet it is no less common for them to find that it is *then* to begin again. It is much easier to win a man than to keep him; and those who have found little trouble in conquering a sweetheart, have had no small difficulty in preserving the affections of a husband.

In the first place there is nothing more proper than to observe with the utmost nicety; the temper of the person to whom you are to be joined in matrimony, for this is the very key to happiness in that state; and if it be not found, all other efforts will be ineffectual: It is in vain to conclude, that from the apparent disposition of the former lover you may draw that of the husband. It is not so, nor indeed can it be so, for besides that the best humors of the former are only seen; circumstances being altered, will doubtless make an apparent alteration in the same person to which the knowledge of his natural disposition must lead you. It is thus alone that you must gain that empire which you wish to maintain over the heart you have conquered.—Among the variety of dispositions observable in man, there are but few where an even mildness on the side of a female will not best secure her sway; and she who seems least ambitious of governing, will always rule most perfectly. *Jealousy* is what every married woman should be particularly aware of; when once she admits it, she treasures up anxiety in her mind. Should she nourish it in her bosom it will be perpetually preying upon her vitals. If imprudent enough to avow it, there ever will be a number of officious people who will fill her ears with tales which will totally destroy her peace. The fond wife will then be looked upon as a kind of domestic foe, for her husband will shun her accordingly, and whenever they are together, they will be the mutual torment of each other.—even so.

SCRAPS.

In the play of *Hamlet*, lately performed at a Country Theatre, the deceased *Polonius* became the *Grave Digger* of his daughter *Ophelia*.

A fire happening at a public house, one of the crowd was requesting the engineer to play against the wainscot; but being told it was in no danger, "I am sorry for that," said he, "because I have a long score upon it which I shall never be able to pay."

The Visitor.

SATURDAY, November 10, 1804.

LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city inspector reports the deaths of 43 persons during the week ending on Saturday last.

CONSUMPTION 10—child-bed 1—convulsions 4—debility 1—decline 1—dropsy 1—drowned 1—dysentary 1—flux 6—hives 1—inflammation of the brain 1—inflammation of the stomach 1—quinzy 1—still-born 1—suicide (by taking laudanum) 1—whooping cough 1—and TEN of the small-pox !!!

Of the above 14 were men—10 women—13 boys, and 6 girls.

Of the whole number 6 were of and under the age of one year—10 between 1 and 2—3 between 2 and 5—3 between 10 and 20—10 between 20 and 30—7 between 30 and 40—2 between 40 and 50—2 between 50 and 60—

Twenty were buried in Potter's Field.

Friday morning last, the following distressing accident occurred in Philadelphia. A lady going into the kitchen, where there were fires in both the stove and hearth, in turning round to look at the fire in the former, a spark from the chimney place communicated with her cloaths, which were instantly in flames

—before assistance could be afforded, her body was burnt in a most dreadful manner; but not so much as to endanger her life.

LONDON FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

The *Grassina* head-dress still remains unrivalled. A cluster of small topaz colored flowers, mixed with green, is much worn in the front of the head; also coquelicot and yellow shaded with a mixture of green. The hair is elegantly dressed, and has a large lace veil thrown over the head and shoulders. Turbans of every description, as much in fashion as ever. They are made chiefly of Gosamer. Lace caps, very elegantly fancied, and entermixed with ribbon, covered with a lace handkerchief or veil, are very pretty for half dresses, and may be worn quite in dishabille. As yet there is nothing new in cloaks, spencers or pelises, the drapery of the hat forming a sufficient covering as a substitute. There is very little change in the dresses. They are still made very long, the waist short, and cut extremely low behind, as well as before. The materials for full dress cannot be too thin; but the thick corded cambrics are most elegant for undress, which are made quite up to the throat, and tied round like a habit shirt. Gipsy hats, nankeen shoes, and gloves of the same color, are most fashionable with these dresses.

FEVER AT MALAGA.

We learn by the ship *Clyde*, from Cadiz, that not less than thirty-thousand human beings had fallen victims at Malaga to the Yellow Fever, which in its destructive progress had reached Gibraltar and Cadiz. At the latter place from seventy to eighty persons died daily.

EXPOSURE OF PERSONS FOUND DEAD.

The establishment of a new *Morgue*, (a place where persons found dead at Paris are exposed) is finished. The inconveniences of the former depot, the reproach of all travellers, have entirely disappear-

ed in the new one, constructed according to the plan of the Prefects of Police, and the department of the Seine. Three large rooms are now designed for this establishment. The first is destined to exposition, where the corpses will be exposed separately upon black marble tables, and may be seen from the exterior thro' the windows. The second is consecrated to the opening of these bodies, which are to be dissected, or undergo some operation or verification; and the third is destined for the deposit of effects, and of the coffins in which they are to be carried to their burial places. On the first day these rooms were opened, nine corpses were exposed of persons who had committed suicides, either by drowning or shooting themselves. Among them was the body of a young girl, not above sixteen, whose perfect form might rival that of *Venus de Medicis*.

THEATRICAL REGISTER,

FOR 1804.

Friday, 2d November,

JOHN BULL, and MRS. WIGGINS.

Monday, 5th November,

THE WILL, and THE PADLOCK.

Mrs. Darley was more spirited than on the first representation, and consequently made a still more charming *Albina*.

Wednesday, 7th November,

THE NATURAL SON, and THE POOR SOLDIER.

Mr. Cumberland's very excellent Comedy of the *Natural Son*, was well played and received with much applause by the audience.—A young performer of the name of *Burd* personated *Major O'Flaherty*, and with a spirit and correctness which enable us to predict that he will be a valuable acquisition to the *Dramatic Corps*.—Mrs. Melmoth's *Phoebe Latimer* proves that her powers are not confined to the *Tragic department*.—Mrs. Johnson we need not say, was every thing in *Lady Paragon* that the author could have wished.—Every part of the play appeared to have received the attention of the performers, and their successful efforts we doubt not will receive the reward of public encouragement.



MARRIED,

On Saturday evening last, Mr. Wm. R. Smiley, merchant, to Miss Mary Ten Eyck, daughter of Andred Ten Eyck, esquire, all of this city.

Same evening, Mr. Thomas Penny, to Miss Ann Rowland, both from Wales.

At Philipsburg, on Thursday evening, Oct. 25, George Brinkorhoff, esquire, of this city, to Miss Elizabeth B. Howland, daughter of Mr. Joseph Howland.

On Tuesday evening, the 30th Oct. Mr. Andrew Collins, of Albany, to Miss Jane Charters, of this city.

On Friday last, Mr. James Keenan, to Miss Rowman, both of this city.

On Saturday evening last, Mr. John Mair, to Miss Sarah Moort, both of this city.

Lately, Mr. William Ludlow, aged 18, son of Cary Ludlow, esquire, to Miss Eliza Elder, of Greenwich, aged 15, daughter of Mrs. Ann Elder.



DIED,

On Sunday evening, of a decline, universally lamented, Mr. Wm. H. Benson.

THEATRE

On MONDAY EVENING, Novem. 12,

WILL BE PRESENTED,

Cumberland's celebrated Comedy of

The NATURAL SON.

TO WHICH WILL BE ADDED,

The celebrated COMIC OPERA, of

THE PRIZE.

N. SMITH,



Chymical Perfumer, from London, at the New-York Hair-Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose, No. 114, opposite the City-Hotel, Broad-Way.

Smith's improved chemical Milk of Roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving—with printed directions—6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.

Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Pomatums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-ball, 2s. and 3s. each.

Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.

Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness and chaps, leaves them quite smooth, 2s.—4s. per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash-ball, far superior to any other for softening, beautifying and preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

LITERATURE.

The subscriber highly sensible of the importance of the trust committed to him as a Teacher of English Literature, thankfully remembers the liberal encouragement of his employers to him in the line of his business, and assures them that he will to the utmost of his ability continue to instill in the minds of his Pupils, with energy every part of his instruction, which may have a tendency to promote their present and future usefulness; the subscriber respectfully informs his employers and the public in general, that he purposes opening an evening School on the first evening of October next. And conscious of his having reciprocally discharged his duty to those committed to his care, in communicating useful knowledge, teaching strict decorum, virtue, and morality, he flatters himself of further liberal encouragement in the line of his business. He continues as usual to give lessons to Ladies and Gentlemen at their own dwellings, particularly in the new System of Penmanship, wherein he will accomplish them in three months. Or can materially improve the hand in writing by a few lessons.

N. B. The subscriber writes Deeds, Mortgages, Indentures, Wills, Leases, Powers, Bonds &c. &c. on the most reasonable terms.

W. D. LEZELL.

New-York, No. 17, Banker-street,

WANTED.

An APPRENTICE to the Carving and Gilding Business.—Apply to

JOHN LEMAIRE,
No. 40, Barclay-street.

W. S. TURNER,

Inform his friends and the public, that he has removed from Dey-Street to No. 15, PARK, near the Theatre; where he practices PHYSIC, and the profession of SURGEON DENTIST.

He fits ARTIFICIAL TEETH upon such principles that they are not merely ornamental, but answer the desirable purposes of nature, and so neat in appearance that they cannot be discovered from the most natural.—His method also of CLEANING the TEETH is generally approved of, and allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set without incurring the slightest pain, or injury to the enamel.—In the most raging TOOTH-ACHE his TINCTURE has rarely proved ineffectual, but if the DECAY is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting CARIOUS TEETH upon the most improved CHIRURGICAL principles is attended with infinite ease and safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any gentleman or lady at their respective houses, or he may be consulted at No. 15, PARK, where may be had his ANTISCOR-BUTIC TOOTH-POWDER, an innocent and valuable preparation of his own from chymical knowledge. It has been considerably esteemed the last ten years: and many medical characters both use and recommend it, as by a constant application of it, the TEETH become beautifully white, the GUMS are braced, and assume a firm and healthful red appearance, the loosened TEETH are rendered fast in their sockets, the breath imparts a delectable sweetness, and that destructive accumulation of TARTAR, together with DECAY and TOOTH-ACHE prevented.

The TINCTURE and POWDER may likewise be had at G. & R. Waite's store, No. 64, Maiden-lane.

VALUABLE INFORMATION

to those who are subject to the Tooth-ach.

BARDWELL'S Tooth-ach drops, the only Medicine yet discovered which gives immediate relief from this tormenting pain.

Since this efficacious medicine was first made public, many thousand persons have experienced its salutary effects. The following recent case, is selected from a numerous list.

Extract of a letter recently received.

Gentlemen,

"I had been tormented with the most excruciating pain in my teeth and face for nearly two months, and could obtain no relief from various medicines which I tried. Being strongly recommended to try Bardwell's Tooth-Ache Drops, I procured a bottle, and applied them according to the directions, and also bathed the side of my face with them, which was exceeding sores, occasioned by the long continuance of violent pain. In a few minutes after I applied this valuable medicine the pain entirely ceased, and has never troubled me since. I feel real pleasure in making this acknowledgment of their merit, not only in compliment to you for so happy a discovery, but to insure the public confidence in a medicine so highly deserving, and from which mankind are likely to derive such eminent services. It is certainly the most efficacious medicine I ever heard of. You have my permission to make this letter public.

ELIZABETH CASEMORE,

No. 15, Thomas-Street, New-York."

Price One Dollar.

Sold by appointment at Messrs. Ming & Young's, No. 102 Water-Street, Mr. Lawrence Bowers, 433 Pearl-street, & wholesale and retail at Stokes & Co's. Medicine Warehouse, No. 20, Bowery-lane.



THE MAID OF THE MOOR ;
OR,
THE WATER FIENDS.

[The following burlesque upon the hobgoblin tales of Lewis is from the pen of the younger COLMAN, and conveys a delicate sarcasm upon the wild fancies of this wender working bard.] Ev. Post.

ON a wild moor, all brown and bleak,
Where broods the hearth frequenting growse,
There stood a tenement antique,
Lord Hoppergollop's country house.

Here silence reign'd with lips of glue,
And undisturb'd maintain'd her law ;
Save when the owl, cried—"whooh! whooh! whooh!"
Or the hoarse crow, croak'd—"caw! caw! caw!"

Neglected mansion! for 'tis said,
Whene'er the snow came feathering down,
Four barbed steeds, from the Bull's-head,
Carried thy master up to town.

Weak Hoppergollop! Lords may moan,
Who stake in London their estate,
On two small rattling bits of bone,
On little figure, or on great.

Swift whirl the wheels,—he's gone;—a Rose
Remains behind, whose virgin look,
Unseen, must blush in wintry snows;
Sweet beauteous blossom! 'twas the Cook!

A bolder, far, than my weak note,
Maid of the Moor! thy charms demand:
Eels might be proud to lose their coat,
If skinn'd by Dolly Dumppling's hand.

Long had the fair one sat alone,
Had none remain'd, save only she;
She by herself had been, if one
Had not been left, for company.

'Twas a tall youth, whose cheeks clear hue
Was ting'd with health and manly toil;
Cabbage he sow'd, and when it grew,
He always cut it off to boil.

Oft would he cry—"Delve, delve the hole!
" And prune the tree, and trim the roof;
" And stick the wig upon the pole,
" To scare the sparrows from the fruit!"

A small mute favorite, by day
Follow'd his steps, where'er his wheels
His barrow round the garden gay,
A bob-tail cut is at his heels.

Ah man! the brute creation see,
Thy constancy oft need the spur!
While lessons of fidelity,
Are found in every bob-tail cur.

Hard toil'd the youth, so fresh and strong,
While Bob-tail in his face would look,
And mark'd his master troll the song,
—"Sweet Dolly Dumppling! O, thou Cook!"

For thus he sung: while Cupid smil'd,
Pleas'd that the Gard'ner own'd his dart!
Which prun'd his passions, running wild,
And grafted true love on his heart.

Maid of the Moor his love return!
True love ne'er tints the cheek with shame!
When Gard'ners hearts, like hot-beds burn,
A Cook may surely feed the flame.

Ah! not averse from love was she;
Though pure as heaven's snowy flake;
Both lov'd; and though the Gard'ner he,
He knew not what it was to rake.

Cold blows the blast, the night's obscure;
The mansion's crazy wainscots creak,
The sun had sunk, and all the moor,
Like ev'ry other moor, was bleak.

Alone, pale, trembling, near the fire,
The lovely Dolly Dumppling sat;
Much did she fear, and much admire,
What Thomas, gard'ner, could be at.

Listening, her hand supports her chin,
But ah! no foot is heard to stir;
He comes not from the garden in,
Nor he, nor little bob-tail cur.

They cannot come, sweet Maid, to thee;
Flesh, both of cur and man, is grass;
And what's impossible can't be,
And never, never, comes to pass!

She paces through the hall antique,
To call her Thomas from his toil!
She opens the door: the hinges creak,
Because the hinges wanted oil.

Thrice on the threshold of the hall,
She—"Thomas"—cried, with many a sob:
And thrice on Bob-tail did she call,
Exclaiming sweetly—"Bob! Bob! Bob!"

Vain Maid! a Gard'ner's corpse 'tis said,
In answers can but ill succeed;
And dogs that hear, when they are dead,
Are very cunning dogs indeed!

Back through the hall she bent her way:
All, all was solitude around;
The candles shed a feeble ray,
Though a large mould, of four to the pound.

Full closely to the fire she drew,
Adown her cheek a salt tear stole;
When, lo! a coffin out there flew,
And in her apron burnt a hole.

Spiders their busy death-watch tick'd;
A certain sign that fate will frown;
The clumsy kitchen clock, too, click'd,
A certain sign it was not down.

More strong, and strong, her terrors rose,
Her shadow did the maid appal;
She trembled at her lovely nose,
It look'd so long against the wall.

Up to her chamber, damp and cold,
She clim'd Lord Hoppergollop's stair,
Three stories high, long, dull, and old,
As great Lord's stories often are.

All nature now appear'd to pause;
And—"o'er the one half world seem'd dead;"—
No—"curtain'd sleep,"—had she; because
She had no curtains to her bed.

Listening she lay, with iron din;
The clock struck twelve, the door flew wide,
When Thomas grimly glided in,
With little Bob-tail by his side.

Tall like the poplar was his size,
Green, green his waistcoat was, as leeks;
Red, red as beet-root, were his eyes,
And pale as turnips were his cheeks.

Soon as the spectre she espied,
The fear-struck damsel, faintly said,
—"What would my Thomas?"—he replied,
—"Oh! Dolly Dumppling I am dead."

"All in the flower of youth I fell,
"Cut off with healthful blossom crown'd!
"I was not ill but in a well,
"I tumbled backward and was drown'd."

"Four fathoms deep thy love doth lie,
"His faithful dog his fate doth share;
"We're fiends; this is not he and I,
"We are not here, for we are there."

"Yes, two foul water fiends are we:
"Maid of the Moor, attend us now,
"Thy hour's at hand, we come for thee!"—
The little fiend cur said,—"bow! wow!"

BURTUS & CRANE,

BOOK-BINDERS, BOOKSELLERS,
AND STATIONERS,

No. 80, CHERRY-STREET, one Door West
of New-Slip,

HAVE constantly on hand, and for sale on rea-
sonable terms, a general assortment of BOOKS and
STATIONARY—Also, BLANK BOOKS, of
various descriptions.

N. B. Merchant's Account Books Ruled and
Bound to any pattern, at the shortest notice.

LOTTERY TICKETS,

In Whole, Halves, Quarters, or Eighths, in Lottery
No. III, for the Encouragement of Literature.

A Correct Numerical Book kept.—TICKETS
REGISTERED and EXAMINED as above.

NEW-YORK: PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY MING & YOUNG, No. 102, WATER-STREET,
WHERE EVERY KIND OF PRINTING IS EXECUTED.—SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR THE
PAPER ARE RECEIVED AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.